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of his power; and, therefore, while adhering to the letter of his agreement—to sow grass seeds—he breaks it in the spirit, and very effectually, in fact, too, by substituting weeds under the denomination of grasses.

A prudent man who is not a perfect judge himself of the matter, will first consider the quality and nature of his land before he sows grass seeds, and then consult Lawson's Tables, which furnish precise information on every particular as to the quality and quantity of seeds for all soils, and whether for one, two, three years, or for permanent pasture, and he will endeavour to obtain what he wants accordingly; not that this is often an easy matter of accomplishment, for few seedsmen have the varieties sufficiently distinct, although they are generally polite enough to say that they have them so.

But how can they be always sure of this? We know the great difficulty, even in botanical gardens, of keeping the kinds separate, and the rapidity with which grass seeds become commingled. The only certain way is to raise the desired seeds in detached portions of land, perfectly clean, and carefully cleared of intruding plants. Can the seedsmen, with the most honourable intentions and greatest caution, be himself secure from the effects of negligence or wilful imposition?

But to return to the case of the poor man who thinks he has a bargain when he buys four bushels of bad grass seeds for half-a-crown. Though he sees the bad effects in the inferiority of his herbage, and at first lays the blame on the proper source, he actually persuades himself afterwards (when *He*, who in his bounty doth "clothe the grass of the field" throughout the whole earth, has covered the surface of his field with natural herbage) that to the seeds which he had sown two or three years previously, he is mainly to attribute what the prodigality of Nature, or, more properly, the munificence of God, has supplied.

The man who sows bad or ill-suited grass seeds, merely because he has obtained them, and is unwilling to lose the acquisition, reminds me of an old lady who was for many years of her life in the habit of giving annually (in the spring of the year) to her grandchildren, a regular course of sulphur and treacle mixed up together, whether the recipients required it or not.

On one occasion, a new servant maid, unacquainted with this system, was sent for the usual quantity of flour of sulphur, but by some mismanagement she brought home a pound of flour of mustard. Her mistress sent her back to the grocer from whom it had been bought, but from previous jealousies or quarrels unnecessary to detail, he refused to take it back again. The poor maid could not herself be expected to substitute the required sulphur, and the old lady was determined that the mustard should not be lost. She accordingly mixed it with the treacle instead of the other substance, and actually ladled every particle of the compound down the throats of her grandchildren and the servant maid, who consented to take her share as a punishment for her inattention, until the whole mixture was consumed. The old lady was less foolish than the farmer who sows the seeds of weeds, because she had previously ascertained that the flour of mustard was harmless; but the husbandman must know that those seeds which are not genuine grass seeds are noxious to his land, by rendering it foul, and it is therefore extravagance and not economy on his part to use bad seeds, merely to save waste.

I am sorry to say that the same indifference prevails among the lower classes of our farmers as to seed in general. On this subject I shall again occupy a page of the Journal in an early number.

A LAZY DOG.—Dr Arnaud d'Antilli, one day talking with the Duke de Lincourt upon the new philosophy of M. Descartes, maintained that beasts were mere machines; that they had no sort of reason to direct them; and that when they cried or made a noise, it was only one of the wheels of the clock or machine that made it. The Duke, who was of a different opinion, replied, "I have now in my kitchen two turnspits which take their turns regularly every other day to get into the wheel; one of them not liking his employment, hid himself on the day he should have wrought, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead; when released, by crying and wagging his tail, he made a sign for those in attendance to follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog and bit him severely."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

ONE of the most fruitful sources of superstition, and that which has been most productive of what are styled "well-founded and authenticated stories of supernatural occurrences," is that Protean monster known in all its forms by the general appellation of "Remarkable or Curious Coincidences."

The frequent occurrence of events precisely similar in their details, though perfectly simple and ordinary individually, is apt to be considered, first, as remarkable, and, if again repeated, wonderful.

In a recent number of the Penny Journal mention is made of the curious coincidence of three men having been found drowned at various times in the course of the same winter, in the same river, and the same place, or nearly, each with *two shirts* on, having given rise to the belief in that parish that it was unlucky to wear two shirts.

But if persons should allow themselves to be guided in their actions by such observances, their lives would become perfectly burthensome from the constant state of watchfulness in which they would be obliged to live; for instance, the following anecdote would show the absolute necessity they would be under of ascertaining the names of their fellow-travellers, lest any one rejoicing in the name of Hugh Williams should be amongst them.

The more juvenile readers of the Penny Journal must be informed that the portion of the sea which flows between the island of Anglesea and the coast of Wales, called the Menai Straits, which is now spanned by the celebrated Menai suspension bridge, was passable, previously to the erection of the bridge, only by boats, a regular ferry-boat plying constantly at the place called Bangor ferry. On the 6th day of December, in the year 1664, the ferry-boat, having eighty-one passengers on board, was upset whilst crossing the Strait, and only one man was saved, whose name was Hugh Williams. On the 6th day of December 1782, the boat then plying, containing about sixty persons, was upset, and all werelost excepting one passenger, whose name proved to be Hugh Williams. On the 5th of August 1820, a similar fate befell twenty-five unfortunate persons, one only of whom escaped, whose name was Hugh Williams!

We should hope that none could now be found so weak, but certainly there have been those who, having heard this story, would fear to trust their precious lives in a ferry-boat with any one of the name of Hugh Williams, but a little local knowledge would go far in removing such an absurd apprehension, as indeed there are few of the most apparently extraordinary events, the origin of which cannot be traced to simple natural causes.

The name of Williams prevails in the neighbourhood of Bangor, and Hugh is a favourite Christian name throughout all Wales. It is very probable that persons of the name of Williams, very possibly even Hugh Williams, were lost amongst the passengers on each of those occasions, but these were overlooked, whilst the coincidence of the individual saved being each time of the same name, was observed and recorded; the circumstance being simply accounted for by the ordinary rules of calculating odds or chances, for where the name of Hugh Williams prevailed, there was certainly a greater chance of one of that name being saved than one of any other, and, as we have before remarked, no account was made of how many Hugh Williamses perished.

N.

INDUSTRY.—Let me say a word in behalf of this home-spun virtue. It may seem superfluous, perhaps impertinent, to enforce industry upon the hardest-working people in the world, as I conceive our good countrymen to be; but I speak of it as a part of education—as a principle to be inculcated upon childhood. Its proper limits I shall hereafter attempt to define. In this country it is the duty of every individual to live an active life. No one, even though he be rich, has a right to be idle or useless. In the hive of bees there is a privileged class of drones; but there the government is despotic, with a queen at its head. Ours is a republican government, which admits of no drones, and tolerates no aristocratic indolence. Nor is industry more a duty to society than a source of individual happiness. There are no pleasures so sweet as those earned by effort, no possessions so dear as those acquired by toil. The truth is, that the main happiness of life consists in the vigorous exercise of those faculties which God has given us. Thus it usually happens that more enjoyment is found in

the acquisition of property than in its possession. How often does the rich man, surrounded with every luxury, look back from the pinnacle which he has attained, with fond regret, to those days of humble but happy toil when he was struggling up the steep ascent of fortune! Make industry, then, a part of fireside education. Teach it to your children as a point of duty; render it familiar to them by practice. Personal exertion and ready activity are natural to some children, and these hardly need any stimulus to the performance of duties requiring bodily exertion. There are others who have an indolence, a reluctance to move, either uniform or periodical, in their very constitution. If neglected, these children will grow up in the habit of omitting many duties, or of performing only those which are agreeable. It is indispensable that such should be trained to patient exertion, habituated to the performance of every duty in the right time and the right way, even though it may require self-denial and onerous toil. A person who cannot compel himself, from a mere sense of duty, to overcome a slothful reluctance to do what is disagreeable, is but half educated, and carries about him a weakness that is likely to prove fatal to his success in life. Such a person may act vigorously by fits and starts as he may be occasionally urged by impulse; but the good begun will often remain unfinished, and, from subsequent negligence, will result in final disaster. The only safe way is to found industry upon principle, and establish it by habit. While, therefore, I would inculcate industry, I would remark that it may be carried to excess. Every virtue has its bordering vice. The extreme of courage touches upon the precincts of rashness, and a step beyond the proper limit of industry brings you into the dreary regions of avarice.—*Fireside Education, by S. G. Goodrich, an American Author.*

THE SABBATH.—Nature always seemed to me to "keep Sabbath" in the wilderness. I used to fancy that the wild birds were more quiet on that day, sitting on the branches with their heads under their wings, smoothing their plumage, or looking quietly about them, and sometimes venturing a faint warble, scarcely above a whisper. And I have seen a large wolfish animal stand for hours upon a dry log, on the bank of the river, contemplating the stream, or gazing into the air; once or twice, perhaps, starting suddenly a few paces, but then halting as if he had given up the idea; and his tail all the while hanging listlessly down, as if indicating that no enterprise could be undertaken on that day. Just like the merchant who may be seen in the city, on a bright Sunday morning, in clean shirt collar, and with hands thrust into his pockets, loitering slowly down the street, or standing in ruminating attitude at the corner, pondering carefully every step of the morrow's tangled path, or perhaps calculating the amount of time lost in Sundays, by the whole world, taken individually and collectively from Moses's day to the present time; but on the whole, enduring the Sabbath with Christian resignation.

CRITICS.—It is a little singular that the mass should attach much importance to the small opinions of every-day critics. Because a man happens to have the facilities of publishing his views and opinions to the world, though he be the veriest blockhead on earth, his verdict is often of more than ordinary weight among men. Indeed, a Johnson could not influence some men by his verbal opinion, to the extent that an ignoramus can influence them through "press and types." The "dignity of print" has a strange effect. Although it is but one man who speaks, and he may have one hundred opponents who may argue successfully against him, yet they will all fail with the public. But let either of them publish the same opinion, and the ore, which was rich and weighty, becomes refined. Common critics, moreover, are always ready to find imperfections, for thus will the public be made acquainted with their penetration. In fact, many of them seem to think that to criticize is to find fault; "else (they reason) where is the necessity of criticism?" It is said that any fool can fire a house. So can any man criticize a book; but very few can build the one or write the other. Many of the vinegar-critics of the day who haunt the shores of literature, would utterly fail in penning even the preface to a respectable book. It is a recorded and well-known fact that many of our standard works were rejected for the want of a publisher, owing to the unfavourable opinion of stolid rule-and-figure critics; but when they came before the people, who, judging from the impulses of the heart, are never wrong, how soon was their verdict reversed! The PEOPLE are the only true tribunal. They separate, with the hand of a refiner, the dross from the gold.

By them genius is preserved, and pretension discarded.—*Knickerbocker.*

The boxes of the opera, splendid as they are, and splendid as the appearance of those in them is, do not breathe a spirit of enjoyment. They are rather like the sick wards of luxury and idleness, where people of a certain class are condemned to perform the quarantine of fashion for the evening.—*Hazlitt.*

DECEIVERS.—We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered; but our self-respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment; for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible of its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high-minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it, as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

WIT.—Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

PREMATURE WISDOM.—The premature wisdom of youth resembles the forced fruit of our not-houses; it looks like the natural production, but has not its flavour or raciness.

POOR.—A term of reproach in England, and of pity in most other countries.

POETS AND ASTRONOMERS.—Poets view nature as a book in which they read a language unknown to common minds, as astronomers regard the heavens, and therein discover objects that escape the vulgar ken.

PEACE OF MIND.—Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it; our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others: hence the reason why it is so rare; for, on how few can we count? Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing, which, while we possess it will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN No. 17.

Mr Teague, the enigma you sent me, my honey,
Must mean, I conjecture, a round bit o' money;
But what it can be, is a regular stopper,
Unless it's a coinage from some kind of copper;
Though your Dean of St Patrick's did not like the stuff,
For this very fair reason—'twas not big enough.
So here goes a guess—and, in truth, to be plain,
It's a good honest Penny your honour will mane.
Ah, Geordy, full oft have they tried to disgrace,
With buffets and blows, thy right royal old face:
Let them hammer away till they're all in a pet,
For real solid worth thou'rt the best of the set.
E'en O'Connell must own, though he don't like the mint,
That thou art the cream of his flourishing rint!
As for gold, it flies off like the chaff or the stubble,
Leaving little behind but vexation and trouble.
And that mealy-fac'd silver, experience of old
Says is only too apt to take wings after gold—
In fact, I ne'er found, from the mohur to piastre,
That one kind or other went slower or faster;
Do just as you like, it seems a thing plann'd,
That one of those vagrants shall ne'er be on hand.
We well know what wonders a Penny can do,
What instruction and comfort a mite will bestow.
The stores of the world, its rust and its lumber,
Come brighten'd and polish'd in each penny number.
The well-spring of knowledge is open to all—
The Penny has spread it through cottage and hall.
So now, my friend Teague, let the great have the guinea,
You and I'll be content if we've always a PINNY.

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